The Undergraduate.

VOL. VI. MIDDLEBURY, VT., MARCH, 1881. NO. 6.

THE LOVED ONE EVER NEAR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

I think of thee, when sunbeams brightly gleaming,
From ocean stream,
I think of thee, when moonbeams lightly streaming,
In fountains gleam.

I gaze on thee, when clouds of dust uprearing,
Enshroud the ways,
In deepest night, when, narrow pathways fearing,
The wanderer strays.

I hark to thee, when with their muffled roaring,
The great waves fill.
In quiet groves, my thoughts to thee are soaring
When all is still.

Be where thou may'st, my ways with thine are twining.
Thou still art near.
The sun light dies. The stars will soon be shining,
Wouldst thou were here.

J. C. H.

M. ELLERY CHANNING.

The judgment of posterity has awarded to Channing the honorable distinction of being the chief ornament of the American pulpit. Last year, the 100th anniversary of his birth, the pulpit of this land eulogized him irrespective of denomination,—the press, secular as well as religious, paid its tribute of respect to him, and what is more significant in view of this close-fisted age, a monument, in the form of an elegant church, was erected to his memory at Newport, his birth place. And bear in mind that Channing was not one of those posthumous great men—one whose greatness is not discovered till the third or fourth generation. He was known and esteemed in his own time for those very qualities that make his memory honored to-day. And what were those qualities? He had an enviable reputation as a theologian. You will find his name in every history of American literature; he also figured in the political history of his time, for he was one of the prime movers against slavery, but all he did in these directions left his greatness untouched. Great he was in them all, doubtless, but as the editor of the Atlantic has truly said, "He has won a kindlier and wider regard by his character than by his opinions. The deepest interest of his life lies not so much in the fruit of his genius as in the light of his spirit."

In estimating the character of a man two things are always to be taken into consideration, his bodily and mental heritage and the circumstances of his life. In both of these respects Channing was especially favored. He was the grand-son of William Ellery, one of the signers of the declaration of independence. If there will ever be a blood aristocracy in this country, I believe that it will consist of those who can trace their descent from the signers of the declaration of independence. Channing did not disappoint any expectations that might have been based on the excellence of his birth. His body, though weighing scarcely a hundred pounds, was sound and so finely organized as to be especially adapted for the abode of a great mind and good heart. He wrote to a friend once that there were times in moments of physical weakness, when a glance at the natural landscape or the sight of a beautiful flower gave him bodily pain. Such an organization is highly sympathetic. When a boy he cried over the mangled remains of some little birds that had been the objects of his care, and when a man he wept in pity for the slave. He was only true to his nature.

The talents with which nature had endowed him did not lack for educational advantages. The circumstances of his father enabled him to

send young Channing to Harvard where he graduated with honor in 1798. But Channing acknowledged more indebtedness to the Redwood library and to the beach at Newport than to the advantages of Harvard and its surroundings. Speaking of the beach he said, "No spot on earth has helped to form me so much as that beach." He also felt that he owed more to the influence of Dr. Hopkins of Newport and President of Yale than to that of the faculty of his *Alma Mater*. The former quickened his love of truth and taught him the habit of independent thinking, while to the influence of the latter he traced anti-ecclesiastical tendencies and his love of religious liberty.

Channing has identified himself with a few principles that all assent to, but he who acts on them is a moral hero. One of these is the supreme authority of human reason. He was a rationalist in the true sense of the word. His final appeal was always to reason, never to authority. "The truth is," he said, "and it ought not to be disguised, that our ultimate reliance is and must be on our reason. If, after a deliberate and impartial use of our best faculties a professed revelation seems to us plainly to disagree with itself or to clash with great principles which we cannot question, we ought not to hesitate to withhold from it our belief. I am surer that my rational nature is from God than that any book is the expression of his will." And to these words he was never false in action.

He was also the champion of the right of private judgment and of the freedom of speech and belief. When Almer Kneeland, a Massachusetts editor, was imprisoned for Atheism, Channing headed the petition for his release, and that against the wishes of his bosom friends and members of his church. It is difficult for us to realize the amount of moral courage involved in such an act fifty years ago. Channing was not a policy man, doing everything with an eye single to what others would think of it. What he felt to be right he did regardless of public opinion. No body of men ever overrode the dictates of his conscience. The advice of Polonices to Socrates "To thine own self be true," was a guiding principle of his life.

Contrary to the general practice of his profession, Channing took an active part in the reform movements of his time. The cause of temperance, labor reform and the reform of prison discipline were subjects that enlisted his whole energy. Maltreated humanity, whether in the prison, on the plantation or on board the ship, always found in him a sympathizing advocate. He had

> "The pitying heart that felt for human woe,
> The dauntless heart that feared no human pride,
> The friend of man, to vice alone a foe,
> Even his failings leaned on virtue's side."

The editor of the Atlantic, in summing up the life and work of Channing, says that his services were of a kind too apt to be forgotten. The interest manifested by the people in the 100th anniversary of his birth was a sweeping denial of the truth of this criticism. What minister has ever rendered services more acceptable to posterity? He might have written a system of theology and been famous to the extent of being refuted and ridiculed by the ministers of the next generation. He might have arrayed himself among the legion who have wasted their energies and lost their temper in discussing 'the origin of knowledge' or 'the freedom of the will,' and been known only to those who are forced to study the history of philosophy at school. As it is, so long as men cherish religious liberty, so long as they put a high value on practical philanthropy, so long as they admire moral heroism, we have no fears for the fame of Channing.

THE RATIONAL VIEW OF THE MIRACULOUS.

The question as to the grounds of faith in the miraculous has always been a field of fiercest contention between religion and its opponents. It is against this doctrine of the Christian believers that atheism has leveled its heaviest guns. It

has always been felt to be the key to their position, the first stronghold to be overthrown in an attack upon the Bible. For, reasons the infidel, let us discredit the miracles of the Bible, and christianity, with every reason for believing in a God, falls to the ground.

But there is another aspect of the question which forms a legitimate subject of inquiry. Assuming the truth of the biblical miracles, what then is the rational view of the miraculous in the light of modern thought, and how can it be reconciled with the teachings of science and the principles of common sense.

Let us first inquire what are the facts of science which bear most directly on this question.

The first great fact which modern science has revealed, or rather confirmed, is that of the unity of nature. The idea is not a new one. It is known to have existed in all historic ages. We gather it among our earliest experiences. The wondrous beauty of nature's scenes, the symmetry of all her forms, the perfect music of nature's blended sounds, these teach us harmony. We see the succession of day and night, the round of the seasons, and the unvarying character of every commonly observed phenomenon, and we acquire a certain confidence in the unity of nature, in the unchangeableness of her methods and forces. But science has gone deeper than this. She has given us a clearer view of the universal and systematic working of natural law, and lifted our conception of harmony in creation to a far higher level. She has shown that the same elements and forces which we find in our own world and the system, exist alike in worlds so remote that if we take for unit of measurement the inconceivable distance which a ray of light will travel in a year, that unit must be applied many thousands of times to reach them. And we may look out into these infinities of distance on every side and yet they tell us that all these worlds are bound together not only by a force, the law of gravitation; but by a real material chain, the luminiferous ether. We need not illustrate farther, science has proved in the fullest sense that nature is a unit.

Now in this view of the universe, what is a miracle? Is it conceivable that the infinite author of such harmony would ever break that harmony? That he would ever permit one rivet to to be loosened, one link to be broken, one smallest wheel to jar against another in this grand machine of his handiwork? Most emhatically, No! It is not compatible with any theory of science. It is revolting to human reason. It is in direct opposition to our highest ideas of infinite wisdom and infinite power. The universe is plastic in the hands of its Creator. He can and may guide and direct its forces. But to say that He would ever find it necessary to alter for an instant the character of one of them is to limit and not to extend the idea of His power. Yet this is exactly the popular idea of a miracle, that God by an arbitrary exertion of His will changes the course of nature and brings about special results by breaking His own laws.

We may set down, then, as the first result of our inquiry on the negative proposition that a miracle can in no sense be an arbitrary suspension or even modification of any natural law.

But how can this be reconciled with the principles of common sense? On what ground may we include the so-called supernatural within the limits of the natural? There is another truth of science which will help us here.

In all scientific investigations we are concerned solely with phenomena. We have learned much about matter and its attributes. We know to a considerable extent its chemical constitution and the mechanical and mathematical laws by which its motions and changes seem to be governed. But of the forces which bind it, what they are or even how they act, we are wholly ignorant. In short, the phenomena which we study are merely the ordinary manifestations of ultimate forces of which we know absolutely nothing.

It does not necessarily follow, therefore, that anything out of the ordinary course of nature is

a contradiction of her laws. The conceivable is no test of the possible in phenomena. Indeed science itself has revealed to us many things that seem utterly contradictory to all truths deduced from ordinary experience. What is gravitation? We can only measure it. We have been able to form no theory of its nature or the method of its action. Here is the mightiest force in nature, apparently reaching its arms into infinite space, yet as far as we can see traveling through no medium, and requiring no time for its transmission. What could be more opposed to all our conceptions? Again this mysterious form of matter which we call the luminiferous ether possesses qualities of so opposite a nature that we cannot possibly conceive of their being combined in the same substance. We must conceive of it as attenuated, for the planets swing through it without the slightest friction. Yet a medium cannot be thus, through which waves are transmitted with the incredible velocity of light. Sir John Herchel tells us that this substance must be thought of not as an air nor as a fluid, but as a solid. The waves of light rush from particle to particle at the rate of 186,000 miles a second. "And thus," says the Duke of Argyle, "although it is impalpable, intangible and imponderable, we know that it is infinitely more compact than the most solid substance that can be felt and weighed." What could be more contradictory than this?

We reach, then, as a second conclusion, that until we have by observation and experiment solved the ultimate problems of the universe, we can have no ground for saying that the truth of the miraculous is necessarily contradictory to the unity of nature.

This is no attempt to prove the miracles of the Bible, nor to reconcile them with science in the sense of seeking a theory explanation. Our proposition was simply what is the rational view of the miraculous from the stand-point of belief. The moment we try to explain the unexplainable we fall into line with the theologian of the seventeenth century, who raises the question whether the body of Eve was formed from the rib of Adam, by a rarification of the rib, or by the addition of matter to the rib. The conclusion is that it must have been by the addition of matter. "For," says this astute reasoner, "if it had been by the rarification of the rib, then the body of Eve would not have been solid enough." Good logic but rather out of place.

"In my own heart" says Edgar Allen Poe "there dwells no faith in praeternature. That nature and its God are two, no man who thinks will deny. That the latter creating the former can at will control or modify it is also unquestionable. I say, at will, for the question is of will, and not, as the insanity of logic has assumed, of power. It is not that the Deity cannot modify his laws, but that we insult him by imagining a possible necessity for modification. In their origin these laws were framed to embrace all contingencies which could lie in the future. With God all is now."

CHANNING.—William Ellery Channing, D. D., the celebrated Unitarian preacher and author, was born April 7, 1780, at Newport, R. I., entered Harvard University at the age of fourteen and took his degree in 1798. During the earlier years of his ministry, his theological peculiarities had little prominence in his discourses, and in consequence he stood on friendly terms with the more orthodox churches. In 1819 he preached a sermon which advocated the Unitarian doctrine with so much zeal and ability that he was styled the "Apostle of Unitarianism." As late as 1841 he wrote "I am little of a Unitarian, have little sympathy with the system of Priestly and Belsham and stand aloof from all but those who pray and strive for clearer light." Coleridge said of him, "He has the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love." He died October 2, 1842, at Bennington, Vt. An interesting memoir of him has been published in London by his nephew.

The Undergraduate.

Published Monthly During the College Year.

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EDITORIAL.

DURING the last week we have received and welcomed several strangers to our table, among which we may mention the College Mercury, The Illini, The Haverfordian, The University Press. Whether the kind remarks of our friends have brought them, or simply chance, we do not know, but we are glad to see them and ere long will tell them candidly if their good impression has been an enduring one.

AT no time in the history of that department of literature which is found in the almanac, have the skies assumed such peculiar phases as during the present year. The exceeding brilliancy of the planets behind the clouds is the explanation which we offer editorially, in our capacity of instructor to the people and regulator of the moral growth of the community, but personally we haven't the slightest idea of the cause and are decidedly frightened at the peculiar phenomena that continually present themselves. We have been assured time and again that Mother Shipton's prophecy was a hoax, a forgery, but we were not assured until it had taken a strong hold upon our superstitions and imagination. We feel that the present age is so knowing that an omnipotent power may at any moment shut us all off and begin over, with a race of creatures that will not be continually prying into the secrets of futurity and unravelling the mysteries which should shroud us, to make our faith complete. The unusual phenomena which are portrayed in the Scientific American, have scientific explanations attached; but we want a plain, intelligent unadorned reason why all these things should occur just now, and we will cease to be alarmed.

We don't care for the "pooh, poohs" of those who spend their evenings in doors. We want the sympathy of those who are out nights, as we are, who have experienced that subtle fascination which we have found in the night skies of the current year. We are troubled, and to any man who shall set our minds at rest we promise chromos without number.

TO every subscriber who finds this paragraph marked with a blue pencil, we would say "You are indebted to us for your subscription." The number of lines will indicate the number of years which are unpaid. If our subscribers will kindly attend to this call, it will save us the trouble of sending a bill to each individual, and also save

paper, envelopes and postage. This economy may seem a little strained, but where we have so small a margin for incidentals, it is necessary. Out of about one hundred bills sent out recently we have heard from about twenty. We believe this neglect is entirely owing to inattention rather than lack of interest in the college, and therefore insert this as a gentle reminder. If alumni would remember that we are continually striving to make the paper interesting to them through the personal column, and in fact through all the departments except the literary, we believe they would not be so negligent.

A discontented Senior drops into our sanctum occasionally and pours out his soul in anguish of spirit at the continuous grind of the present term. Three recitations a day, week in and week out, the monotony of which is broken only by a semi-occasional, rigid, written examination. The students of other colleges turn pale and tremble when we tell them in vigorous rhetoric of the routine which we pursue. "Why!" exclaimed an Amherst man to us the other day, "When do you find time to call on the ladies?" We ejaculated "Never!" so forcibly that we were immediately knocked down for quoting Pinafore. At Dartmouth and Williams the Seniors have but two recitations each day, and even this is broken into by frequent lectures. We are well behaved boys, and a little time at our own disposal would not be misapplied, we are certain. Dear Faculty, will you not give us a chance to take breath now and then?

THE introduction of French into our curriculum is a long step forward in our path of progress. Not that it is so great a thing in itself, but it is a move taken out of the old ruts, a new departure, which portends more of the same nature. To the class of '81 belong the thanks of the college for their energy in pushing the subject before the corporation. They do not reap the benefit, however, for a Senior's last term is not the one in which lexicons and verb conjucations are congenial companions. They have the consciousness of a deed well done which is perhaps the next best thing.

ONE of our exchanges once said that our title page had a depressing effect and suggested a very solid bill of fare. This is quite true. The advertisement pays us well and is therefore given that place. Could we collect the amount now standing on our books we would don a more fitting garb. Many alumni are at the present date owing for three and four year's subscription. To these we appeal and ask that the matter may be no longer put out of mind.

IF all of our students would take the active interest in the college paper which is shown by a few, it would not be long before our subscription list might be doubled. It is exceedingly gratifying to find our exchanges speaking so well of us in spite of the difficulties under which we labor, and we thank them sincerely for their leniency, but we must do still better and satisfy ourselves as well as others. With less than fifty men from which to choose journalistic intellects and with a treasury sadly depleted, we cannot hold our heads very high, lest we find ourselves in an atmosphere to which we are not acclimated.

ONE man with the proper amount of enthusiasm might stir up a commotion in college and revive the celebration of class days. It has been years since this old campus has rung with student songs, while the grand old tree tops nodded approval as the clouds of smoke curled in and out among their branches. Such scenes as are afforded by class day are pictures for the mind's eye, on which we look and take comfort all the days of our lives, and we do not realize how much we are losing until it is too late. It is very little trouble to call a meeting and appoint the various duties, and very little trouble to fill the appointments if we look at it from the

proper standpoint. Which class will be the first to celebrate the new Spring which is upon us, with a genuine, enjoyable, hilarious, old-fashioned class day, with all the modern improvements?

An informal reception given to the upperclassmen by the President and his estimable lady and the enjoyment which we found there sugg sts that we remind the students of the blessing they find in the whole-heartedness of Middlebury people. There are few colleges which enjoy this opening of the homes and hearts of the townspeople among whom they are located. At Trinity, if a horn is blown by a frolicsome student on his way down town, a complaint is entered, the students are raked over the coals and the blowing of a horn is made almost sufficient cause for suspension. Who ever heard of such a thing in Middlebury? We have occasion to be thankful for the many social privileges which our town offers, and we are sorry to see so many or our men immuring themselves on the campus and neglecting the opportunities for self culture which contact with society affords.

Four years of seclusion makes a man forget how to make small talk and small talk is a commodity which the people of the Nineteenth century must have. We don't pretend to settle the question as to whether it *should* be so but it *is* so, and a student just out of college must go with the crowd or get walked on.

On the presentation to the Assembly of New York on Tuesday, March 8th of the memorial resolutions referring to the death of Maj. W. D. Brennan, most tender and touching tributes of respect were delivered by his colleagues. Maj. Brennan left this college for the battle-field at the beginning of the war, but was given a degree in 1869. The news of his death reached us too late for publication in our last issue, but even at this late day we feel called upon to pay our tribute to the memory of a man whose gentlemanly deportment, integrity of character and kindliness of manner endeared him to all who knew him.

He was a man whose voice and vote were ever found on the side of purity in the public service, large hearted and noble, just such a man as makes the world better for his having lived in it. A leader everywhere,—not pushed forward by himself but by those who saw his qualities and appreciated them. Such sentiments as these came from the hearts of his associates and the heartfelt sympathy of no legislative body ever went out more strongly or more sincerely to a bereaved family than did that of the New York Assembly at the death of Maj. Brennan. Mr. Skinner in his remarks spoke of him as follows:

"Of all the characteristics which we can remember in our friend, above all was that superb one of truth; true to his friends, true to his State, true to his conscience; and I believe that all his life was founded upon the fact that he was true to himself. He believed

> "This above all: to thine own self be true,
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Many of our exchanges have given up the literary department, believing that college students should not attempt to educate each other and that plenty of literary matter of a better quality can be had from other sources. These are not sufficient reasons for omitting a literary department, for if literary work is in the curriculum, it should also find a place in the college paper, where students can compare it with their own, treasuring the good points which they find and avoiding the bad ones.

We may not attempt to outdo Thoreau or Emerson during our Junior year but we may strive to excel the effort of some Senior if we can have it before us to cope with. In the smaller colleges where the students are thoroughly acquainted and interested in each other, it is of much interest to watch the improvements during the college course. A well written essay from a personal friend is far more interesting than a

better one from the pen of a complete stranger.

The following clipped from the "Acta Columbiana" is thoroughly sensible and to the point, but why not add to it a literary department? Those who do not care to, need not wade through it. The parents of students take the college paper and to them the literary department is not uninteresting if John Henry's pen has been at work.

"To suit us, a college paper should abound in short, pungent editorials, comment on things collegiate—local principally, but not exclusively. It should contain authentic accounts of meetings, games, races, etc., by the students, if only to record them; it should note briefly current events about the college; it should give its readers sketches of college life and incident, written with due regard to correct literary principles, in a style rather flippant than ponderous; and it should note briefly the principal doings at similar institutions. The college paper that does all of these things will fully satisfy us, and we firmly believe, the great mass of collegians. It is our duty to interest and amuse them—instruction they get elsewhere."

A literary department does not necessarily profess to instruct. It may interest and amuse, and should a bit of instruction weave itself into the readers mind, through the lines, what harm! The college paper is for varied classes of readers and that paper is the successful one which no one can throw down and say "There's nothing in it." In order to accomplish this there must be numerous depar'ments and among them one for the literary work of the students. Yale, Harvard, Columbia, Cornell, and Princeton may confine themselves to locals, games, races, etc., but were the smaller colleges to do this, their monthly publications might be issued on a postal card.

The editorials from men who devote their whole time to it are not always "short and pungent"; what then can be expected from a man who must supply editorials out of time taken from the every day duties of college life and the countless outside matters which are constantly requiring attention.

The present editorial is neither short nor pungent but it may interest some one and perhaps the very one who pays his subscription promptly, long life to him.

It is all very well to say "let your editorials be crisp, spicy and sparkling" but how is your editor going to know when he has written such. If he is modest, as we are, he doesn't like to talk that way about his own work, you know.

A LEGEND OF THE TIDES.

Deep down in the sea, where dragons dwell,
Is a glistening, snow-white coral cave,
Where the songs of mermaids rise and swell
And sea weed banners softly wave,
On a throne of gold, in the years gone by,
A king held sway, o'er the realms below,
And when his sceptre was raised on high,
The ocean ceased in its ebb and flow.

There came a queen, from the clouds, one day,
Bearing a lute with strings of gold,
Murmuring low, a soft sweet lay,
Telling of love in the ages old.
The great waves, under her flying feet,
Woke to life at the sound of her lute,
Shook their crests at the music sweet
And hastened after in wild pursuit.

So sweet were the strains that filled the air,
As over the waters dark she flew,
That the evening star, uprising there,
Left its course and followed too.
The King of the sea, on his throne of gold,
Shouted, in rage, through the coral naves,
Summoned a legion of dragons bold,
To capture and punish the truant waves.

The outspread sea was calm and still,
Not a wave was left, on the glassy plain
Not a sound of a ripple from woodland rill,
Though he called them by name again and again.
He sought through the the day and into the night,
Hurried in haste from shore to shore,
Watching and listening in his flight,
For the sound of the great waves ceaseless roar.

Hither and thither, by distant lands,
'Till he came to an island fair to see
And found them basking upon the sands,
Listening to sweetest melody.
But ere he could utter an angry word
The queen, in a radiant robe of light,
Carolled a lay, like the song of a bird,
And melted away in the shades of night.

But the magic thrill of the sweet refrain
Struck deep in the heart of ocean's king
And he longed to see her face again,
Offered his kingdom to hear her sing.

So he raised his sceptre above the sea,
  Quelling the loud waves jealous roar,
Bade them find where the queen might be
  Or know his anger forevermore.

This was in ages long gone past,
  But the years no peaceful rest can bring
To the waves of the sea, that flow so fast,
  On their fruitless mission for the king.
And twice each day he bids the waves
  Go search each moor and watery main,
And twice each day they seek his caves,
  To tell him their search has been in vain.

So the tides, in their restless ebb and flow,
  Can bring no cheer to the grand old king,
As he strokes his beard, as white as snow,
  And wonders when he shall hear her sing.
But he rules his realm, with a smile serene,
  Pacing the floor of his coral caves,
And he loves and longs for the beautiful queen
  Who won his heart with his truant waves.

J. C. H.

COMMUNICATION.

[The editors do not assume responsibility for the sentiments of the Communication Column.]

Editors of Undergraduate:

It was my good fortune a few days since to visit the buildings of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., and while envying them the many conveniences which make college life at that place enjoyable, I could not grant to them superiority in point of location.

Certainly no college in New England is more delightfully situated than our own. Just enough away from the town to give us the feeling of isolation and quiet which is conducive to study, and yet not so far that the trip for the mail becomes a burden. Trinity has at present two buildings, each three hundred feet long. These two buildings form one wing of a prospective quadrangle. They are supplied with hot and cold water, are heated by steam and lighted by gas, manufactured on the premises. Most of the students board in the dining hall, which is also connected with the institution. The rooms are cared for by college servants, most of them negro boys, who attend to them during recitation hours for three or four cents per day from each student. There are many things which contribute to the convenience of students which might be adopted here at a very small expense. We cannot expect to obtain students at this college while others offer them such superior advantages outside of the course of study. I learn that Dr. Hamlin has secured several thousand dollars for improvements. Before the manner of disposing of it has been decided upon, let me suggest that a committee from the students wait upon him and ask that a bath room be fitted up in some of the unoccupied apartments of Starr Hall. This bathing one's self for four years in a hand basin has its drawbacks and indeed, is not in accordance with the teachings of Scripture. It is in fact a great incentive to profanity, for hand basins will tip over, and most of us find difficulty in getting more than one foot at a time into them. It is humiliating to one's pride to bathe himself in a teacupfull of water any way. And moreover, a hand basin does not afford that exhilirating pursuit after the soap which a more extended field of operation offers. Nothing in the world is imbued with the pure cussedness of inanimate objects more than a hand basin set down in the middle of a room. It is worse than a bad boy in a Sunday School for making trouble. No improvement that could be made would contribute more to the comfort and yes—cleanliness also of the students than a good bath room and I trust that ere many weeks we shall see a tub or two disembarking at the doors of Starr Hall.

Thine,

H^2O.

TOWN AND CAMPUS.

The Freshmen have taken a bolt!!

The foot-ball has made its appearance.

What has become of the old time sugar day?

The next term begins Thursday, April 14th.

The Juniors have French next term optional with German.

The Freshmen are anxiously inquiring what annuals are like.

The Seniors have appeared for the last time on the college stage.

We are glad to see Prof. Albee in town looking so improved in health.

The Seniors recite in the afternoon at two o'clock instead of four.

Several of the Juniors and Seniors are taking French outside of their regular college work. .

The Congregational church is still without a pastor. Dr. Hamlin is supplying the pulpit.

Smith & Allen are erecting a blind and door factory on the old paper mill site in the village.

Noon prayer meetings are held each day by the students in the Philosophical room. They are well attended.

The governor has secured for himself the everlasting ill will of all college students by appointing fast day in vacation.

Instructor in Moral Philosophy at the close of recitation: "You may go to-morrow to the Future State." A blank look rests on the countenances of the most of the class.

The regular weekly prayer meeting has been changed from Friday to Tuesday evening. This was done to accommodate the majority of the supporters of the meeting.

Prof. G. N. Webber, in exchange with Pres. Hamlin, occupied the pulpit of the Congregational church a few weeks since. He has been in Troy, N. Y., for several years.

Prof. in Geology to Senior who had just seen the obelisk in New York city: "What prominent feature about the obelisk struck you most forcibly?" Senior: "A policeman, who warned me to keep my hands off."

The annual exhibition of the Junior class will be given in the Academy Hall on Tuesday, April 5th. Music for the occasion will be furnished by the Howard Opera House orchestra from Burlington and by soloists. The Juniors are making special efforts to give a model entertainment and the Sophs—?!?!?!

The Journal Printing Co., conducted by Fuller & Smith has been dissolved by Smith's suddenly withdrawing from the business and from town. The publication of the Journal was suspended for several weeks, but has now started again under the direction of Fuller & Cobb. This difficulty has caused delay in the issue of the Undergraduate.

The gymnasium is proving itself to be an institution. There is hardly a student but has obtained some good from it already and it is becoming more popular every day. It is far from complete yet but it is soon to be placed in better order with additional apparatus. A number of Indian clubs were recently furnished, and we learn that we are to have instruction in club practice.

The Junior class went to East Middlebury recently to study the process of making iron with a blast furnace. They came stringing back all the afternoon, wet, muddy and hungry, but not communicative at all on the subject. We have learned by the way that there are no blast furnaces in East Middlebury.

The philosophical apparatus which has been stowed away for so long a time in dark corners and dusty cupboards, makes a fine display in the new cases repaired and burnished. Some of the machines with a little repairing and polishing are as good as new, and yet they have been for a long time useless. With a large lot of new apparatus which is soon to be added, this department of instruction will be quite complete, and the advantages open to the students for the study of physics will be much better than heretofore. One of the great needs at the present time is a good telescope with its proper accompaniments, and we hope ere long, some friend or friends of the college will see that we are supplied with one.

Dr. Hamlin has succeeded in raising the desired amount, $7,000, for making the proposed changes in the library, museum, &c. The commencement of the work is only delayed until a meeting of the corporation shall give consent to the repairs and changes. The President has called a meeting at his house on April 6th, and if consent is given, of which there is no doubt, work will begin immediately. The students are fully in sympathy with the proposed changes. The library will be more at the disposal of the students and in a better condition for use. The geological specimens in the museum will also be arranged in a scientific manner to correspond to the latest accepted classifications. This will add greatly to the interest of the scientifie studies of the course. We hope the spirit of progress will not stop here but extend to all departments of the college.

The Euterpe Club, under the direction of Prof. Higley, gave a concert at the Academy Hall last Tuesday evening, March 29th. The audience was good and the rendering of the different parts of the programme was worthy of more space than we can give. The following was the programme, Mrs. G. D. Miner, pianist:

PART FIRST.

Overture—Laughing Eyes Quick Step .....Pratt
Higley Septet.
Part Song—The Maiden of the Fleur de lys, Lydenham
Euterpe Club.
Part Song—(wiih Baritone solo.) On the Water...Abt
Mr. Boice and a Male Chorus.
Song—The Lover and the Bird.....Guglielmo
Mrs. L. M, Fletcher.
Quartet—Spring..... ..... Goldback
Mrs. Miner, Mrs, Higley, Dr. Sheldon and Mr. Boice.
Chorus and Soprano Solo—The Flower Girl.....Lecocg
Mrs. Pitts and Euterpe Club.
Male Quartet—Come in the Still Night.....Buck
Messrs. Sheldon, Churchill, Kellogg and Murkland.
Part Song—— Charm Me asleep..... .H. Leslie
Euterpe Club.
Twilight Serenade.....Kinkel
Higley Septet.

PART SECOND.

The operetta in two acts, "A Capital Joke," by A. J. Mundy. Dramatis personæ:

Mabel Pierrepoint.... .....Mrs. J. W. Pitts
Mrs. Edwardson .....Miss Louise Potter
Harry Hamilton .....Mr. H. B. Boice
Thomas Edwardson.....Mr. C. S. Murkland

The operetta was well rendered. The club has always given us something worth listening to, and it did not at this time depart from its usual custom.

PERSONALS.

'51. Prof. S. Albee is visiting in town.

'62. Park Davis, formerly of St. Albans, Vt., has removed to St. Paul, Minn., and entered into a law-partnership with H. F. Stevens.

Prof. Higley recently delivered his popular lecture on "The Artful Dodger" at Benson, Vt.

'71. H. C. Robbins is located at Vershire (Vt.) as pastor of the Baptist church.

'73. C. N. Brainerd recently delivered a lecture at Clarendon. Subject, "A Trip to Cape Breton."

'75. H. P. James is established as pastor of the Congregational church at Corinth, Vt.

'75. F. G. Swinington was lately elected Grand Juror of the town of Rutland. He has also been admitted as a member of the bar of the Supreme Court of Vermont.

'75. Chas. H. Burritt is teaching at Farrells, Albay Co., Wyoming.

'76. W. W. Gay was elected Town Auditor at the last election in Franklin Co., N. Y.

J. McDonald Mulchahey was married March 1st to Miss Sophia Sargent of Chicago. His place of residence is 214 West 48th Street; his place of business 68 Wall Street, N. Y.

'77. Rev. J. M. Hull is chaplain of the State Prison at Windsor.

'79. Warren, N. H. papers are enthusiastic over their High School, which is under the management of Mr. E. H. Farnsworth.

'80. N. W. Smith is a member of the Medical College at Burlington, Vt.

'80. P. M. Meldon is now studying law with Prout & Walker, Rutland.

'83. J. B. Felt is at present in charge of the employment bureau of the Young Men's Christian Association in New York city.

EXCHANGES.

The C. C. N. Y. Free Press for March 16 is by far the best issue of this peculiar paper we have yet received. We actually read it through and enjoyed it.

The Illini has at last found its way here. It has several excellent points but we will see more of our new friend before offering further remarks.

We find among our exchanges the Haverfordian from Haverford College, Pa. It is a neatly printed paper, conducted in a pleasing style and in most respects is worthy of commendation. We are much pleased with the copy now before us and desire to know more of the Haverfordian and we ask it to visit us regularly. We will gladly return the visits.

The Madisonensis is one of our favorites. The issue for February 19 contains some good things. That editorial on "Good Breeding" can be read to the profit of many a student. "An Episode in College Life" is decidedly original in its style and purpose. The frankness and ingenuity of the writer makes the article truly interesting and amusing.

One of the lower classmen has handed us The School Echo, published by the students of the West Randolph High School. It is conducted after the plan of a college paper, and is so tasti-

ly gotten up and so highly commends itself that we cannot forbear mentioning it in connection with our college exchanges. The editorials are truly commendable, giving expression to some very good ideas. In several respects the Echo is superior to some of our college exchanges. We congratulate the editors for the success of their paper.

The North Western, the result of a consolidation of the Tripod and Vidette, is a live and energetic paper. We always admired the Tripod, but we must confess that the North Western is superior to it. We were pleased with the article entitled "Enthusiasm." It is a grand plea for firmness and more determined action in the direction of moral stability on the part of educated men. Here are a few lines of the article: "Call this a groan of pessimism if you will, we call it a cry for greater inspiration, heroism, self-forgetful enthusiasm on the part of men of letters, of scholars, artists, educators and ministers."

The Volante deserves notice. The January number we consider pleasant reading. the article entitled "Literary" is full of suggestions on important topics and has a tendency to stir up one's thoughts. "The Province of Biography" is a short article but handled in a sensible way as the following quotation will show: "Criticism constitutes too important a factor in most modern biographies. The average reader would prefer to have actual facts given him and be allowed from them to deduce his own conclusions. He does not wish the writer to attempt an analysis of the motives which inspire a man's actions, but wants to estimate his motives and character from an unbiased record of the man's life. What is most needed in the sphere of biography is more of a simple recital of facts." The editorials are right to the point. Especially would we mention the one on "Vacation Thoughts," and also the one on "Gossip."

Two more papers remain to be noticed, the Chronicle and the Hamilton Literary Monthly. The two are widely different in every respect. The Hamilton Lit. is literary in the extreme sense of the word. Every number has several literary articles. These are carefully written, studied and interesting. The editorials are literary productions. Every department smacks of the literary. Even the personals have a literary aspect. The editors seem to want to stamp every page with the impression that Hamilton College is a literary institution.

Take the Chronicle. Here we have a college newspaper. Its object is evident. It is to keep the alumni and all who may have an interest in the University, informed of just what is going on at Ann Arbor, of what the students and faculty are doing, how the students are progressing intellectually, socially, morally, &c. Now and then a good literary article or a poem appears. This is the proper object of a college paper. It is just what the alumni want. These two periodicals are excellent, and perhaps we may consider them as types in their different spheres. Now which is the better paper? As far as the students are concerned we answer, The Hamilton Lit, but do not doubt in the least but that the Chronicle will give more satisfaction to the alumni. What do the alumni look for in a college paper? For something of a literary nature to read? Not at all. They can get all the reading they want and better reading than they can find in a college paper, elsewhere. They look for information concerning their *Alma Mater*, as they would in daily paper for the news of the day. We think that each college paper should make it a point to furnish them with all the information they want in this particular. At the same time the literary department should be sustained, but not to such a degree as to overshadow the other and more desirable portions of the paper.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

In the illustrated Scientific News for March is a full description of the manner in which the curved line is made by the base ball as it leaves the pitcher's hand; also a novel invention for bicyclers. The publication will be found instructive and entertaining to all.

It is a comfort to look over the Art Amateur. Handsomely printed on heavy paper and elegantly illustrated, it wears an air of integrity which demands and gains a place in the world. Not only the artist and the musician find valuable suggestions here but every member of the household.

SCRIBNER for April is an unusually interesting number, and the illustration is even more elaborate than usual. Mrs. Burnett's story, "A Fair Barbarian," is completed and adds greatly to the

fame which the lady has already achieved. Why the story did not attract more attention when first published we cannot see. To say that the issue is ahead of its average is to ensure many a lditional readers, and a protracted review is unnecessary.

A very acceptable package of sheet music from O. Ditson & Co., contains the fine song, "Forever and for aye," (40 cts.) by Marston, with an elegant picture-title; and one of M'lle. Anna de Belacca's songs, "Meeting and Parting," (4? cts.) with the additional grace of her attractive portrait; also, the plaintive Scotch ballad of "The Four Maries," (30 cts.) "There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton, and Mary Carmichael and me." With these comes a lively Waltz, (30 cts.) from "Billee Taylor;" a Concert Galop, "Once in a Life," (35 cts.) by L. Wallis; and a Mazurka, (40 cts.) from "La Petite Mademoiselle."

The increase of business with the American Book Exchange has compelled a removal from the Tribune Building to 764 Broadway. The building now occupied by them, though six stories in height, 25 feet front and 100 feet deep is sufficient only for the offices and retail store of the company. Books announced are "Green's Larger History of the English People," reduced from $10 to $1; Carlyle's History of the French Revolution, 40 cents; Heroes and Hero Worship, 25 cents, and the revised New Testament. Good Literature, their weekly publication, is full of interesting matter, and just the paper to be on one's centre table to fill in the odd moments profitably.

EMERSON'S QUARTETS AND CHORUSES for male voices, by L. O. Emerson; price 60 cents, or $6 per dozen. Published by O. Ditson & Co. Mr. Emerson prepares this book in response to the request of many musical friends for something of the kind that was "easy and attractive," and for "male voices." In obliging these friends he has also conferred a benefit on the singing public, as the collection is throughout attractive as well as easy, and the compass of the music is quite within the reach of ordinary singers. There are 43 quartets in the book, a few very short, most of them medium length, and two or three quite long. The book is compact and portable, and easily carried in one's overcoat.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for April contains the following in its table of contents: The Portrait of a Lady, XXI.-XXIV. Henry James, Jr.; Concerning Dead Love, Rose Terry Cooke; What we Learn from Old Aryan Words, John Fiske; The Longing of Circe, Cameron Mann; Friends: a Duet, IX., X., Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; Voltaire's School Days, James Parton; The Wives of Poets, IV., William M. Rossetti; Her Ghost, Louise Chandler Moulton; The New Sunday, Julius H. Ward; Sonnet, Frances M. Brown; Reminiscences of Washington, XI., The Fillmore Administration, 1850-1853; Secrets, Ella Wheeler; The British Philistine, Richard Grant White; Johnson's Garrison, and other Biographies; The Last State of English Whiggery; A Century of Dishonor; Two German Novels; The Contributors' Club; Books of the Month.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The faculty of Cornell have forbidden smoking on the campus.

Harvard and Yale will probably have an athletic field contest in the spring.

We are told that Prof. Raymond has accepted the chair of oratory at Princeton.

An unknown benefactor has given $100,000 for a new law building at Harvard.

Hereafter there will be no salutatory or valedictory at Amherst commencement.

There are 140 colleges in the United States where both sexes are admitted as students.—*Ex.*

The United States now has three college dailies. The Yale News, Harvard Echo and Cornell Sun.

The English game, "Hare and Hounds" is coming into favor at Princeton. Several runs have taken place.

A young lady of a religious turn of mind has over her looking glass the inscription, "Seek me early."—*Miscellany.*

Gen. Garfield's eldest sons are preparing for Williams College under the direction of a private tutor.

And now there is talk of publishing a book of poetry that has appeared in the different Yale papers during the last ten years.

Yale has accepted Harvard's challenge to row an eight oared, 4 mile straight away race. The time and place are yet to be determined upon.

Political economy is studied practically at John Hopkins. The class is now engaged upon the report of 1880 of the Secretary of the Treasury.

Each player of the Yale football team was presented with a football charm. Each ball bore the enameled inscription, "Yale, champion of 1880," with the name of the player.

The Seniors at Williams have only two recitations a day, in order that more time may be given to a course of reading connected with their subjects.

The President of Wooster University, Wooster, Ohio, has posted the following notice: "Hereafter no female student will be allowed to receive more than one visitor per week, and he must not stay later than nine o'clock."

The sophomores are talking of adopting the full academic garb at Columbia. The *Spectator* states that "gowns were abolished by the faculty some years ago, on account of the convenience of the capacious sleeves for secreting illegitimate aids to spur the memories of lazy students."

Education is receiving great attention in Greece. She spends more than five per cent. of her entire revenue on education, which is a larger proportion than is devoted to the same purpose by France, Italy, Austria or Germany. This is done by a people numbering less than half the population of London, under the most adverse conditions.

Evidently the tone of Smith College is gradually improving. Last year the girls smashed in the stiff hats of the serenading Amherst Glee Club with oranges. This year they deluged the Yale Club, it is said, with molasses candy, thereby saving the hats and showing an admirable spirit of economy.—*Amherst Student.*

"I utterly abhor the system followed in some colleges, where everything goes to rank,—where recitations, behavior, presence at prayers, all are laid up for the final decision at the end of four years, and so the gentle youth are made unnaturally calculating, cautious, prudent, and are devoured by an envious and grasping ambition, —and others are equally made reckless and discouraged."—[James Freeman Clarke, in Self-Culture, p. 16.

PLUNDER.

Epitaph for a Cannibal—"One who loved his fellow men."—*Lantern.*

Kissing is very similar to seven up. He begs, and if she thinks she can make a point, she gives him one.—*Brunonian.*

A Senior in Geology was asked the following question: "Where are some of the best fossils o be found?" His reply was, "In the Theological department!"

Professor, to Senior in electricity—"Are sparks of long duration?" Senior, with a knowing look, "It depends on whether the old folks have gone to bed or not."—*Vidette.*

Lady student, reciting back Latin: "*Ejo et frater ambulamus*, I and brother walk." Prof.: "Whose brother?" Lady student, absently: "Oh, most anybody's." Curtain.—*Ex.*

Prof.: "The muscles of the oyster are so arranged as naturally to keep its shell slightly open; it is thus obliged, like some men, to use some exertion to keep its mouth shut."—*Colby Echo.*

Scene on Washington Square.—Conceited sophomore, sporting a cane and moustache. First small boy on opposite corner—"What is it, Bob?" Second small boy—"Give it up; gimme a stick till I kill it."

Prof. C. to Junior: "Mr. C., you don't seem to be very thoroughly acquainted with this subject; why is it?" Mr. C.: "Well, to tell you the truth, Professor, I was up yesterday, and did not expect to be called upon to-day.

Prof. (to student who writes, not for the masses, but for the educated few)—"You should

write so that the most ignorant of your audience can understand all you say." Student (puzzled) —What part of my production is not clear to you, sir?"

Law Prof.: "What constitutes burglary?" "There must be a breaking." Prof.: "Then if a man enter your open door and take five dollars from your vest pocket in the hall, would that be burglary?" Student: "Yes, sir, because that would break me."

If you want to study the immense variety of the human face in expression, you should bend your gaze upon the mobile countenance of a deaf-and-dumb man when he reaches under the plank walk for a lost nickel and picks up a raw bumble-bee by the stem.—*Ex.*

Discussing the subject of love at first sight, the professor of the Chaucer class likened it to the instant chemical union of two affinitive compounds, and one of the class carried the simile further by remarking that sometimes a third element comes in and breaks up the previously perfect combination.

Low burned the fire, the room was dim,
  The clock pealed forth the hour of ten,
And by the moonlight, growing dim,
  We knew 'twas time to part again.
"I had a dream last night," I said,
  "I'll tell it to you ere I go.
I thought, my dear, your little head
  Was lying on my shoulder—so!"
"'Tis time to go," I said. "and you—
  You kissed me twice upon the cheek:
Now tell me, love, if dreams come true?"
  Most archly did my darling speak:
"Why, some come true and some do not;
  Dreams like this do, I quite believe."
And then she kissed me twice, and got
Her waist entangled in my sleeve.

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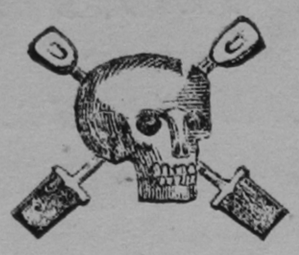

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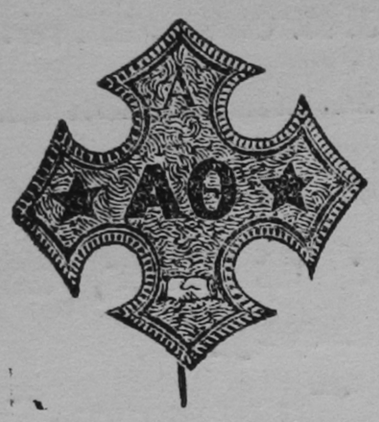

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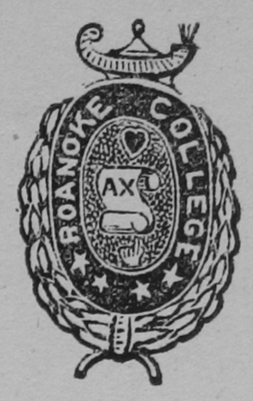

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